

As/Is

2.09.2015

The Point, Made



Seeds left, softening, somnolence,
sleep in/beneath a patina of silt,
salt waves heave above— slow,
life lived in burrowing downwards—
de-centered into diaspora, a sense
(subtly, oil-slicked) of knowing how
self has/maintains few points of
coherence along the myriad veins of
interior time— interiors sans cohesion,
diabolical densities against coherence,
beneath vertical turtles bound to their shells—
dropped seeds crawl as they will.

posted by Adam Field on Monday, February 09, 2015

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